Letters to the Editor

The Pacific Isle

Now that the CPR and the federal government think Vancouver Island is of little use or worthy of serious consideration perhaps it is about time that we woke up to our birthright.

As a crown colony we entered B.C. and Canada on the promises that either Victoria or Sooke Harbor would be the railroad terminus of the CPR and more important still that we should remain a free port: free from all import duties: contracts that were never carried out.

Therefore, we have the legal right to run our own affairs. Most of us claim to be Christians and against war and the destruction of our fellow man so why not rename this confusing island "The Pacific Isle" dedicated to peace, progress and prosperity, and make it a centre of safety for all its inhabitants.

We could make it the greatest tourist attraction upon the face of the earth if we asked our Chinese, Japanese, East Indians, Russians, Hungarians, Germans, etc., to build small national villages in different beauty spots all over the Island. Here visitors and inhabitants could enjoy and purchase their individual national arts, crafts, food, entertainment and produce imported free of customs duty.

As a Pacific isle we should gain the respect of the whole Christian world amidst national and racial hatreds that are too deep seated for cure.

Surely nothing is impossible today if we have faith, love, wisdom and a little vision in the midst of chaos.

PHILIP J. FISHER.

1275 Tattersall Drive.

Not Big Enough

We have heard a lot lately about Oak Bay establishing another library. Victoria city has unselfishly and efficiently gone ahead, due to actual demand and requirements, to take care of the whole of the southern end of Vancouver Island and provides both stationary and mobile service, including a complete reference service, the latter being almost as important to thinking people as the library itself.

If Oak Bay were to establish its own, with present hours of work prevailing, salary costs would be a minimum of $20,000 to give efficient service. In just book lending would they still lean on Victoria or would they have a book buying department along with all the incidental expenses that go into a proper library.

Oak Bay borrowed 112,416 books at a cost of 29.8c per book. Does Oak Bay figure for one minute that they can put up a building, constantly buy expensive books and keep an adequate office and staff working at under 30c a book? I venture that their total costs would not work out at less than 70 cents. Wherever that library was placed would it be more convenient than Victoria for all sections of Oak Bay? The 29.8c includes all the services Victoria Library provides.

It is unfortunate that Oak Bay's insular approach toward a broader outlook is so pronounced at times. After all we should be one community in many respects if only to keep costs down. We are not big enough.

FRANK H. PARTRIDGE.

1604 Belmont Avenue.

George Washington, de Gaulle Parallel *Drawn*

CHRISTIAN HERTER

★ ★ ★

Washington Worried

After Dulles, Who?

By DAVID BARNETT
North American Newspaper Alliance

Both Democrats and Republicans in official Washington are unusually concerned about the illness of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles because, as one Democratic senator put it: "Even when he's ill, Dulles has more guts than anybody else in the administration. You know where he stands—firmly."

Put in the form of two questions, the private anxiety can be expressed like this:

1. What happens to U.S. foreign policy while the one-man State Department is out of action?

2. Can Dulles, who will be 71 on February 25, come back to the firing line after his illness and, if he can't, who will fill his shoes?

Dulles' trip to European capitals, from which he returned last week, was the first step in a procedure leading to an East-West conference, probably in May.

The next Dulles move on the international chess board is set for late March. The Secretary planned to fly back to Paris to consult with European leaders on a proposed agenda for the East-West conference.

The Western leaders are scheduled to meet again in Washington at the NATO meeting early in April.

If Dulles recovers sufficiently in a "few weeks"—and administration spokesmen fear he will not—and if the Soviets pull no surprises on Berlin within the next few weeks, the affairs of the U.S. could be handled by the State Department's second team without any major decisions being taken.

The potential for trouble is great, however, if events require a major decision of the Western powers and the firm, Dulles hand is not available.

Neither the U.S.'s allies nor the Soviets are sure that Under Secretary of State Christian Herter, Jr., who will be in charge, would follow the precise letter of the Dulles policy. Herter, for instance, is believed to have reservations about the Dulles policy on Germany.

Although Democratic senators recently have stepped up their criticism of Secretary Dulles, some of them shudder at the probability that he will have to be replaced.

As one put it: "He may be wrong, but at least he is an able advocate and won't be hoodwinked."

The three most prominent names mentioned as possible successors, if Dulles should be forced to retire, are:

C. Douglas Dillon, undersecretary of state for economic affairs, who has won praise for his administrative ability and his knack of getting along with Congress.

Undersecretary Herter, who, however, has been troubled by arthritis.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., U.S. ambassador to the United Nations.

The name of Thomas E. Dewey also has been mentioned but, it is reported Dewey would not consider the post unless President Eisenhower made a strong personal plea to him.

Presidency Specially Designed

By PROF. D. W. BROGAN
The Listener

When General de Gualle was installed as first president of the Fifth Republic of France, there was in the ceremony an element of mystery. On the one hand, a president of the republic succeeded another. There was the traditional conferring of the highest rank in the legion or honor, the traditional transfer of the presidential residence. Had one nothing more to go on, one might have been tempted to murmur 'an Amurath an Amurath succeeds.'

But we have much more to go on. There is not merely a new president; there is a new constitution. There is not merely a new president but one who was rightly called by his predecessor in the crisis of last May 'the most illustrious of Frenchmen'; and that new president has had his authority conferred not only by national mandate in the referendum on the constitution, and by the election of an Assembly overwhelmingly 'Gaulliste,' whatever that elastic term may mean.

The man at least as much as the institution is and should be in our minds. Every institution may be 'the shadow of a man' but this saying is far more true of the present French presidency than of most institutions.

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It is true in two senses. Any new institution—and the presidency of the Fifth Republic is meant to be a new institution, not merely a revamped version of the old—takes its coloring to a great extent from its first holder.

Much that we take for granted in the presidency of the United States is intelligible only if we remember that the first president was General Washington and that it was known that the first president would be General Washington.

We can understand the new French president only if we remember that the office he holds was designed to be held by him, that it is extremely unlikely that it would have been framed in this form had General de Gaulle not been thought of as its incumbent; and it is equally important to remember that General de Gaulle imposes his style on any office he holds.

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No less pliable man has taken high office in France in modern times. President de Gaulle will impose his own conception on the office or retire. No one can see him spending seven years in the Elysee frustrated in his ideas of what is good for France and contenting himself, like his predecessors, with publishing disregarded good advice.

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The first duty of the head of the French state, as General de Gaulle has always seen that office, is to be the guardian of permanent interests of that state against the eddying tides of party, sectional, personal interest. In this sense it is a return to a monarchical conception: The king remains, the ministers come and go.

The second conception is the idea of responsibility. It was one of the flagrant weaknesses of the old system that no one could be praised or blamed for anything; responsibility was diffused all through the system. Now, there is to be one man charged with seeing that the general interests of France are secured.

He will have to say, as President Truman used to put it: 'The buck stops here'. No one is less a buck passer than is President de Gaulle. It will be his duty to find a government, a policy, and the means of the policy.

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He will have another duty, for he is president of the French community as well as of the French Republic. He must not only be above the party battle in France but he must, in a sense, be above France too. The new French community is seen as something more integrated than is our commonwealth, so this function will not be purely honorific.

But what matters is that President de Gaulle holds an office designed for General de Gaulle, and the spirit of that office is best summed up in what used to be a custom of the French navy: the officer of the watch, going off duty, said to the officer who relieved him: "A vous la garde." That is what France has said to General de Gaulle. It is for him to steer the ship, with the constitution as a very incomplete chart.

Chiang's Heir-Apparent

Smiling Ascetic

By DON FRIFIELD
North American Newspaper Alliance

A small, slight man with flashing eyes and a ready smile, quick to see the humor or irony in even profound problems, is heir-apparent to the presidency of the Republic of China.

He is Chen Cheng, 62, at present vice-president under President Chiang Kai-shek.

President Chiang's decision to retire from the presidency at the conclusion of his term of office next year has focused attention on his possible successor.

Chen was China's leading general, under the Chiang Kai-shek, during the war against Japan. He was a severe, disciplined, ascetic commander, never hesitating to fire incompetents. Even his enemies termed him "incorruptible."

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As wartime governor of Hupeh province, Chen's sobriety included bans on liquor, smoking, dancing, and other "frivolities."

To this day Chen will permit no more than four dishes to be served at his table, even at official dinners; a Chinese dinner offering fewer than 10 servings is considered ungenerous, if not downright unChinese.

To black marketeers, speculators, and hoarders when China was locked in the death-throes of war against Japan, Chen's regime in Hupeh province had one simple penalty: death.

Later, Chen commanded the Chinese forces in the Burmese theatre.

Besides being vice-president of the Republic of China, Chen also is Premier and chief commissioner of the Planning Commission for the Recovery of the Mainland.

His initial reaction to the catastrophe of the Communist sweep of China in 1949 was reported to be:

"Neither weapons nor oceans are enough in themselves to safeguard Taiwan from the Communist idea. We must prove our way is better. Therefore, we are exerting every effort to improve the living conditions of the people."

A Nuclear Township Gives Glimpse of Brave New World

By GEOFFREY GOODMAN
(New Statesman)

Seascale is a tiny windswept township stuck bleakly on the coast of Cumberland, England. Its few scattered shops shiver in the icy winter blasts that sweep across the Irish Sea. Its railway station is hardly more than a coastal halt and its roads are still conditioned to the pattern of country lanes.

One can easily understand why the mainstream of social and industrial development passed hastily by this lonely stretch of low land which lies between the lakeland hills and the sea.

But now its unimpressive days seem to be over. Seascale is Tomorrow, just as Leeds, Barnsley and Manchester are Yesterday.

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We live in a new age, when the phials of energy which drive our civilization come not from boiler houses beneath great, black, belching chimneys surrounded by a shambles of slums. Heat, energy, power—and the fuel for H-bombs—can be made in rural remoteness by stewing strips of uranium. And this is something which is transforming not merely our technical thinking but our social attitudes as well.

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This must occur to anyone visiting Seascale today. The town lies by Calder Hall and Windscale. It is their 'social centre'. The two nuclear stations nestle like two abandoned twin giants in an utterly isolated zone just a few miles north of Seascale. For the experts will tell you that only two things are required for a modern nuclear site—water and isolation.

There are no railway sidings close by; no pile of coal or coke in storage; no good roads for a transport system. All these things are the industrial trappings of the past. They are no longer necessary.

And so curious are we all to dicover what this Tomorrow will be like, that some 1,500 tourists go to Calder Hill each month (from school parties to foreign princes) to pay homage to the world's first nuclear power station.

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Ten years ago, when the scientists first set foot in these wild parts, Seascale had a population of 600. Now, as a result of this chain-reaction business, there are 2,500 people living in one of the most curious communities in Britain. One in every eight of its **total** population is a university graduate with nuclear statistics at his finger tips. Not even Aldous Huxley contemplated a higher average than this in Brave New World.

At present Seascale's most endearing quality is that the sociologists do not seem to have discovered this fact—though one feels that at any moment now a group from somebody's social science department will swoop down with notebooks and social-sliderules to corelate this strange breed.

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Personally I hope they do, for it would be intriguing to know why the scientists—and atomic ones at that—are producing not merely plutonium but also one of the highest birth-rates of any community in Britain.

The importance of this community cannot however be confined to its nuclear or human productive capacities, or to its amenities. Far more interesting is the way the new technocrats behave towards each other and towards the men around them with lesser skills—but on whom they depend for the instrument-watching and other ancillary jobs.

Perhaps it is still too early to say. Perhaps any conclusions one might draw from a few hasty samplings of human relations are inevitably misleading. Yet they are, one feels, symptomatic of the trend.

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The very senior scientist was explaining how Calder Hall worked. Despite Calder's 550 workers, he explained, the installation could, in fact, be controlled by 50 men: the rest are all 'necessary' but not 'vital.' And the senior scientist had an interesting Victorian way of describing his crew: 'About 100 staff, and 450 industrials,' he explained carefully.

A real caste distinction is already emerging in the nuclear age between those who watch the flickering dials on instruments and those who really understand what it all means. Each Calder Hall reactor has 2,500 instrument panels to itself. There are four reactors. The workers—industrials that is—seem not at all concerned about radiation risks. All have complete confidence in the scientists, who have never let them down. The scientists, of course, like it that way.

At first Seascale was a town used almost exclusively to house the senior scientists. But this had to break down as more and more industrials came in.

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With the scientific staff, the problem of recruitment is still considerable. Salaries, in competition with outside industry, are one problem: the atom men have to accept rigorous civil service pay scales, and they don't like it. But equally there is the question of social isolation, of security and of all the other little problems which go with working on this project.

Some scientists admit they chose the job because of the social isolation; they prefer the howling wind along the Cumberland coast to the smell and social necessities of an industrial city.

All this complex is woven into the Seascale social fabric. Some go for an occasional pint; others don't bother. Some have TV and look at it; others just have it. Most are lost with their thoughts.

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The abiding feeling one gets is that each group knows its place in the scheme of things; each knows its caste if not its class setting; knows just how far it can go without anyone ever having to put up a notice amplifying the duties of 'staff' and 'industrials.' Of course, this is only the transition to the atomic age.

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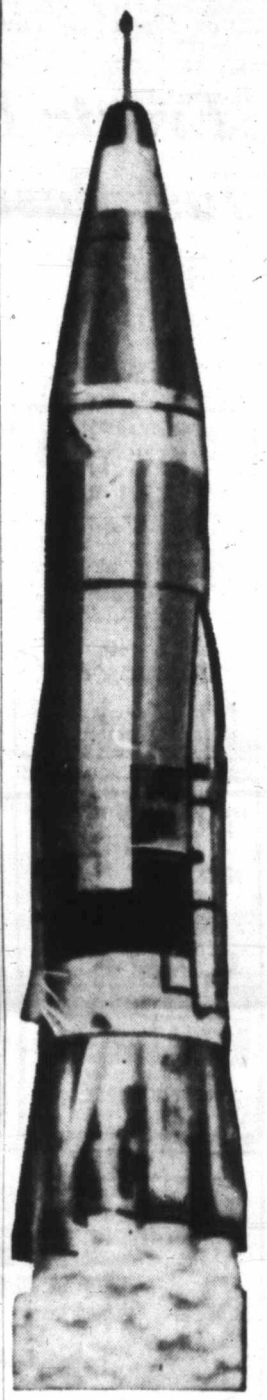

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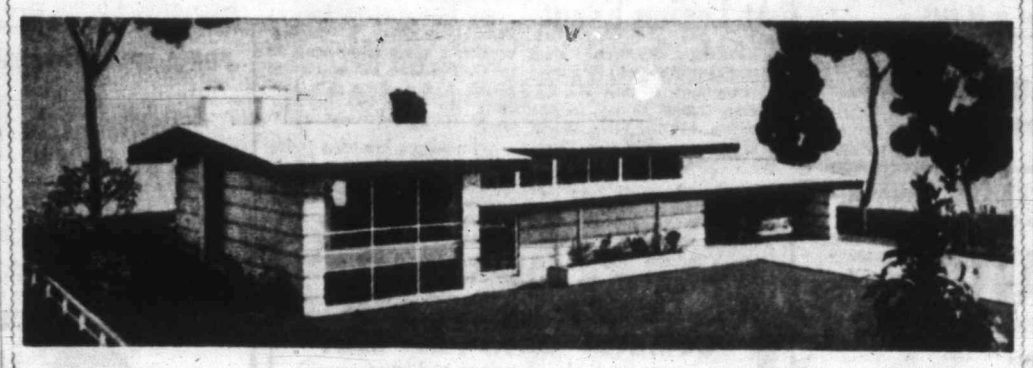

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